The Diſtreſſed Rake

To which is added, 21.

The GOBBIO,
The LIMERICK DANDY-O:
The new DHOORALING.

LIMERICK: Printed by W. GOGGIN, Book-ſeller and Stationer, Corner of Bridge-ſtreet, where Country Chapmen may be ſupplied with Hiſtories, Manuals, Primmers, Spelling-books, large and ſmall Pictures, plain or painted, Ballads, and every other Article in the Book-ſelling and Stationary Buſineſs, on cheaper Terms than at any other Shop.

The DISTESSED RAKE.

IF I had my dear without dread or fear,
Standing before the altar,
The Maſs celebrated to the congregation,
I never would part with my darling,
In ſpite of mankind ſome way I'd find,
To convey her to ſome remote nation,
Be loving and coy until we get a boy,
And ſo boldly we'll croſs the main ocean.
My lovely fair maid do not be diſmay'd,
If a crown I would ſpend it with pleaſure,
For I've an eſtate that never will fail,
Whilſt I have hands for to earn at leiſure.
When I go to an inn its there I begin
To drink and drive away ſorrow,
While the great God on high my wants well ſupply,
With a ſhilling or two for to-morrow.
A ſhilling to drink it's little I'd think
Or a crown I would little regard it,
If I could but command a guinea in hand
I'd ſpend it on my lovely darling,
No man of your name ſhould e'er raiſe my fame,
Tho'a rake might entice a young lady,
Your eſtate is ſmall, and if you ſpend it all
You will be evermore poor and needy,

May my bones be erected and by wild colts diſſected,
If ever a ſlut ſhall controul me,
Without education or any behaviour,
Or money enough to uphold me,
You're not the maid that ſhould me degrade,
Or any young man for being airy,
If you don't like what I ſay farewell hearty maid
Get a miſerly neager and marry.
Tho' fortune has frown'd and my friends are cut down,
Devil a ſtag in your country I'd marry,
I'd rather ſit down and there ſpend a crown
With a pareel of boys that are jolly,
I'd rather ſpend my life with my friends,
Or drink with good boys in my ſtation,
Than be tied to a ſtrole 'till the world is all o'er,
That would mock and haunt me thro' the nation,
Before I was ty'd to this damnable bride
I wore a good hat and a beaver,
And a ſhilling to ſpend its little I would think:
When I'd meet with a laſs of her favours,
But it's now to my grief, I find no relief,
When I hear my children crying,
Whilſt other young blades are going to prayers,
I'm in bed whilſt my ſhirt is drying.

The new DHOORALING.

YOU maidens pretty attend this ditty
and twill make you ſmile,
Tis of a rattling roving blade that's well
beloved by each fair maid,
The ſporting girls take great delight in his
ſweet company day and night.
On his bagpipes he plays them a tuneful
ſpring,
While he muffles the tune on his Dhoo-
raling.

Too long the Doodeen was the toaſt al-
tho' no more than an empty boaſt,
Sweet Dhoora now is the pleaſing toy di-
verts the girls tho' ever ſo coy,
The Pipers fees they never diſpute when
he plays them a lilt on his German flute,
Then away with M'Teague and his Doo-
deen Pin and left room for M'Lean and
his Dhooraling.

In Patron, Market, Town or Fair, the girls
do treat him every where,
His chanter is of the largeſt ſize, and for
it they'd freely part their eyes,
When to M'Lean they do repair, for mo-
ney or liquor they never ſpare,
The price of the yarn they to him bring
for a muſical lilt on his Dhooraling.

Of all other muſic that ever was known,
They give the degree to the Piper's drone,
With a blaſt of his bellows he fillls the bag,

Then his triangle Chanter begins to wag,
His muſical drones the are all quite new.
Each bar on the Gamot he plays ſo true
No harpſichord, fiddle or tuneful ſpring
Can equal M'Lean and his Dhooraling.

A buxom widow below Coleraine heard
ſeveral talk of young Dan M'Lean
Reſolved ſhe was no time to waſte but ſent
for the Piper to come in haſte,
He ſqueezed up his pipes without delay,
With his bags and his drones he leathered
away,
Five guineas in gold and a diamond ring
She gave for a truſt of his Dhooraling.

He met an old woman in Portadown,
Who had not a tooth in her jaw but one,
Tho' ſhe mumbled her meat with a horn
ſpoon,
Yet this merry going heiffer ſhe liked the
tune,
Altho decripid blind and lame ſhe longed
for a touch of the ſporting game,
Her pipe and tobacco away ſhe did fling,
And beat time with her crutch to his Dhoo-
raling.

One night dancing at a ball, a youthful
Lady chanced to fall,
Young Dan to her aſſiſtance went which
filled this fair one with content,
She ſlipped him into a private room,
Where he blew up his bags like an air
balloon,

In raptures round him ſhe did cling,
Whilſt he ployed her the humours of Dhoo-
raling.
But leaſt I ſhould detain you long I'll
here conclude my merry ſong,
In hopes I have offended none by praiſing
of the Piper's drone,
The prudent maids that ſeem ſo ſhy are
willing the game to try,
And when alone they'll merrily ſing con-
cerning the fate of Dhooraling

The GOBBIO.

ONE morning on the Park perade,
To view the troops up tripp'd a maid,
The Captain came in ſcarlet pride,
And boldly march'd by the ſoldier's ſide,
Have a care ſaid he, I'm here ſaid ſhe,
I'm ready for you and your company,
I'll warrant I'll give you a favour-O,
If you will engage my Gobbi-O.
And as ſhe caſt her eyes about,
She ſpyed a Piper peeping out,
Between two little drummers he lay,
Come Piper ſhe ſaid and begin to play,
The Drummers before kept faſt the door,
And beat the retreat o'er and o'er,
When ſhe could contain them no longer below,
They beat the retreat on her Gobbi-O.
The Captain went, the Lieutenant came,
Preſented his pike and ſaluted the dame,
He boldly attacked her with ſword in hand,
And bid her obey the word of command,

As you were ſaid he to the rere ſaid ſhe,
To the right and left my dear ſaid he,
There is room for you, ſhe replyed, below,
And quarters good in my Gobbi-O.
The Engineer reſolved to overcome,
Having got two ſhells fixed to a bomb,
The ſiege began and the march he did lay,
And ſoon he got on the cover'd way,
He battered a breach, but miſſed his reach,
His faggots being too ſmall to fill the ditch,
She off with diſdain did fling him O.
And bid him begone from her Gobbi-O.
The Champion came as a champion ſhould,
In two platoons he kneeled, ſtapped and ſtood,
He filled up the ditch with a faggot of ſtrength,
And rammed his charge with a rammer of length
Have a care ſaid he, there, there, ſaid ſhe,
Dear ſir I like well your company,
When you play again I pray march ſlow,
And a guard-houſe make of my Gobbi-O.

The LIMERICK DANDY—O.

THERE is a ſmirking laſs and ſhe lives in this town,
So light, ſo neat, ſo gay, ſo brisk, and handy-O.
You'll know her ſporting ſtrut of the tuck-up of her gown,
For damn me both proclaim her quite the Dandy-O
When firſt I ſaw this fair one and ſhe gave me but a ſmile,
The cockles of my heart it cheer'd like Brandy-O;
Each part each limb, each look, would any one beguile,
For take her all in all ſhe's quite the Dandy-O.
Her well turned waiſt not like Sukey, Sell or Peg,
Whoſe arms they are red & ugly legs are bandy O

Slim and taper it is shap'd, and her neat and pretty leg,
With her pouting cherry lips are quite the Dandy-O
My heart I thought would break untill I run her down,
For zounds I knew her sweet as sugar-candy-O;
And when the prize I gained—no monarch with his crown,
Was half so blest as I was with the Dandy-O.
Now my jolly boys that sport about the town,
So lewd, so rude, so stout, so brave and handy-O,
Tip her but the wink—and shew her half-a-crown
Then damn me—next to me—you'll be the Dandy-O.

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